A SHORT AND IMPARTIAL

POLITICAL REVIEW

OF

THE YEAR 1788.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

IMPARTIAL

POLITICAL REVIEW.

UNDER the happy auſpices of a peace, ratified on the moſt ample grounds of conſtitutional policy, undiſturbed, and free from the torments of internal broils, the capital, in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-eight, was known to the admiring world. Every county throughout the realm beheld, with patriot joy, that tranquillity, which became the increaſing object of envy in the neighbouring kingdoms. How happy then was our lot, when nothing could be wiſhed for but a continuance of the bleſſings which we were enjoying! Commerce, that broad baſis on which we build our hopes to ſuch an extent, had ſpread its influence to the remoteſt parts; and the Merchants, that grand bulwark of the nation, felt a ſecurity in the name of PITT, by whoſe aſſiduity we have been exalted to univerſal admiration,

from a ſeries of diſtreſſes, accumulated to the ſummit of political diſgrace, by the vices and intereſted connexions of former miniſters—Such an æra may be deemed almoſt unparalelled, when we add, that the increaſe of public credit, and the attention of miniſtry to the ſaving of national money, was almoſt incredible.

Of our calamities, where ſhall we mark the exordium, without affixing a ſtigma, as perſonal as it would here be illiberal? Content with our former acknowledged ſuperiority, and looking downwards from thence, we muſt ſay, convulſive, from the heart, now appear the tormented bowels of our conſtitution; and the firſt ſad warning of impending ruin was the death of the VICE-ROY of our ſiſter kingdom—A blaſt on the bloſſom of a fruitful tree! How can the loſs of that man be replaced, who lived in his people's love! How be borne of him, who ruled in the affection and approbation of the million!—yet more—who died in virtue's proudeſt eminence; a throne of purity ſo chaſte, which, for departed merit to aſcend forms the only balſam for a wound ſo deep!

Here

Here let us ſummon our utmoſt fortitude, leſt the idea of any analogous ſituation ſhould intrude; for if it were, and we ſhould indulge its power, it would work with ſuch increaſed violence, that, to depict our feelings, we ſhould be compelled to have recourſe to the application of our preſent melancholy condition.

But over ſuch ſad ſcenes we muſt for the preſent drop the curtain, and turn our attention to where every thing in perſpective flouriſhed—Royalty was in its higheſt bloom, and the ſeed of that diſagreement, which took its root in the rank ſoil of party, was happily tranſplanted to the joyful hearts of thoſe, whoſe more immediate cauſe it was, and what is ſcarcely of leſs moment, to the ſatisfaction of the world.—Such an unanimity was long the object of public deſire; and, at the event, joy was univerſal: to which if it were poſſible to add, it would be, that the ſlighteſt occurrence has not furniſhed the moſt trivial pretext to ſuppoſe any abatement of that cordiality, notwithſtanding the

the ſame connexions and intereſt on both hands have been carried on.

A trifling digreſſion here muſt be excuſed; it points with keen truth, the edge of which is piercing to thoſe on whom it falls.

In no one point of view have the principles of the PRINCE of WALES ſwerved from their original form; had they been of that infinite dangerous tendency, which it has been the eager wiſh of ſome perſons that the world ſhould believe—We have too high an opinion of both parties to ſuppoſe, that, on the one hand, a reconciliation ſhould take place in the heart of the offended perſon, when the obſtructed cauſe of unanimity was not removed; and, on the other hand, we are fully confident to ſuppoſe, that unleſs it were to the entire ſatisfaction of the injured perſon, the heart of every good and noble man is incapable of the humiliation, neceſſary on ſuch an occaſion.

For example—if after he has offended me, I take to my arms a ſon, it ſhall be, that he is reclaimed; that he is ſuch as my heart could wiſh and could embrace; that I do approve his conduct; though *I myſelf*, from various reaſons, cannot be partner in it.

It

It is an inference not to be doubted in the heart of man; here, therefore, I firſt ſhall begin to reprobate that daring ſpirit, which would try to promote the diſcord of a *family*, by endeavouring to make their own behaviour appear a component part of it.

Under the circumſtances of ſuch an unanimity, here was a tumultuous throbbing of the heart in every man, to expreſs the happineſs he lived in, when a ſad opportunity offered. The aſſaſſin's hand had ſcarcely defeated its foul and horrid purpoſe on the head of our beloved Sovereign, when joyfully, from every diſtant part, congratulations were offered as numerous as ſincere—And yet the unfortunate aſſaſſin was pardoned!—What emotion of the ſoul can afford a more noble reflection than forgiveneſs—The reſult of ſuch operations ever form a cordial to the mind: yet of an attempt ſo unmerited and ſo horrid, nature ſcarcely owns a puniſhment ſufficiently ſevere. Yet how ſoon ſhall the edge of anger be blunted, when *the cauſe of the crime became its own ſufficient puniſhment!*—To what unmerited attacks is that ſoul ripe, when impelled by ſuch ſad urgings

ings LUNACY!!!—here if the heart knows quiet, let it no longer own the human ſhape —Sure in the endleſs book of fate a cruel ſcourge was written; and, under that head, a nation's bleſſing, and a Briton's glory, lie concealed.

Such an eſcape from ſuch an attempt was a bleſſed deliverance to our country—that we ſincerely felt it, was not doubted, from the univerſal conſternation into which all ranks were thrown.—There was a double aſſiduity of hope in every man that days of endleſs health might crown the remainder of his days—But health is a bleſſing which we find in a poor man's cottage; and, in a monarch's crown, what gem ſhines with more prevailing luſtre?—but does not its brilliancy expoſe it to be more eaſily tarniſhed? When our Sovereign was deſired to take a journey to Cheltenham, for the benefit of the waters, a general alarm was viſible! How cheering muſt it have been to the drooping heart, to have ſeen the KING of ENGLAND, ſecure in the dignity of good deeds and devoid of pomp and ſplendor, enjoy the bleſſings of his

his people, without thoſe fears to which his exalted ſituation more eſpecially expoſes, and to which the meaneſt of his people are ſubject.

Whereſoever he went, from town to town, the ſincere congratulations that he met with, were ſufficient to aſſure him that, when it pleaſed his ALMIGHTY MAKER, from his eternal ſeat to call him from this mortal throne to that bourn from which no traveller returns, he departed in the univerſal love and eſteem of his ſubjects.

It was not long before we had every reaſon to be rejoiced at the return of our Sovereign, as the happy omen of the ſought-for recovery —But, alas! of our immediate calamity words are inadequate expreſſions—each ſyllable but tends to unfold the ſcene of loſſes, each one more to be lamented than the other—a Maſter—Friend—Huſband—Father—King —a climax of the beſt affections of the mind —a blank in the book of deſtiny, where there was ſcarcely room for ſuch inherent virtues!

Yet there is a hope which enlightens with a proſperous ray, without which all were darkneſs; and, when it ſheds that bleſſing on mankind, we ſhall doubly value the poſ-

ſeſſion of thoſe virtues, the loſs of which were never felt with ſuch force as at preſent.

Can there be a more convincing proof of the high eſtimation of our KING than that involuntary ſigh of eager wiſhes, when, to relieve the melancholy occaſioned by the preſent diſaſter, we ſeek remedy from the great rules of *Shakeſpear*, whoſe all-diſcerning mind provides for each feeling of the heart—there, even there in a theatre, reſounds the public voice in loyal acclamations —ſuch feelings are a pride to our country, a glory to an individual, and an honor to mankind!

To the ſincerity of love to our SOVEREIGN, is attached that to his SON, equally common by nature and precedent, and equally honorable to each.

Now, under the preſent calamity, is the criſis when *that* ſhall be ſhewn; when the world, by wanting a REGENT, ſtands in need of the aſſiſtance of *his Royal Highneſs the* PRINCE *of* WALES.—The firſt object then preſented to our view, is the ſervants of the father ſtanding up againſt the unclaimed rights of the ſon—And ſhall we ſo ſuffer ourſelves to be duped as to ſuppoſe it to be purely

purely out of love to the father? Who ſincerely loves the father, alſo loves the ſon—we ſay it even of a dog. We ſhall not eaſily ſuppoſe that it is love, to make a puppet of a man, born with privileges above the reſt of mankind: nor in any one man can it ſeem love to the father, to diſpute the title of the ſon, becauſe he entertains a higher opinion of others than himſelf.—We cannot ſuppoſe it to be pure love for the father, whatever it may be for the country, to ſacrifice a ſtagnation of trade, a vacuum in public offices, or overflowing of our jails to abſtruſe arguments, or mere forms, and the irrelevant precedents of our anceſtors, whom, by the common courſe of improvement derived from experience, we ought to ſurpaſs both in judgment and fine feelings.

Though our glory has been indiſputably indebted to Mr. PITT, yet were even he to have taken theſe meaſures, he would at once have thrown down the temple which was raiſed to his great virtue. A conduct, like the preſent, replete with ſuch a ſluggiſh prolixity, when ſuch an emergency preſſes, would carry with it a conviction that ſome-

thing under-hand was at work, or that it was known (as an excuſe for the delay) that a power had been found which could reſtrict the REGENT, ſuch as we now are enabled to make choice of—It would then be evident that the delay was occaſioned by the agitation of every dark deſign, which the villainy, or, what is called the policy, of man could ſuggeſt by which the *Regent* could be reſtricted. —The very thought is a blot on the name of an Engliſhman, indelible even by atonement. But that day (ſhould it ever arrive) which places *his Royal Highneſs the* PRINCE *of* WALES on the throne of *England*, be the hours of duration ever ſo ſhort, will outſhine its own light, in as much as the PRINCE of WALES will riſe to the glory of every future day.

If any excuſe can be alledged for the preſumptuous conduct of that man, who would declare himſelf a COMPETITOR with the PRINCE of WALES, let it be ſuppoſed that he ſtood forth as miniſter in behalf of the rights of the people.—Any individual, nay even I myſelf may ſay, " In truth it were

a patriot

a patriot virtue to ſerve the father, and diſtreſs the ſon—it was not a lucrative affair; *he* gets nothing by it all:"—*Yea truly, friend, but does he loſe nothing?*

Againſt whom do ſuch men ſpeak? againſt the PRINCE of WALES; againſt the people's claim, and not impoſſibly in time to come, againſt their right—And however, by the dark ſubterfuge of perplexed laws, precedents may be ſought; yet, that original precedent of innate love to our Prince can never be extinguiſhed—It is a flame kindled in the univerſal wiſh.

Can we then, with patience bear to ſee one miſerable individual ſoſtered by the hand of public favour, *proclaim conteſt* with our PRINCE?—We muſt allow the caſe of ſuch a man to be deſperate—the remedy muſt be equal to the diſeaſe—How can that man, who proclaims it as his opinion to the world, that *his Royal Highneſs the* PRINCE *of* WALES, ſhould be *ſole Regent*, call his right, unprovoked, into public queſtion, without ſome reaſons yet unknown?—How mean to confeſs a debt to be juſt, then to cavil at the mode

mode of payment! the ſoul of that man muſt be compounded of the worſt materials, who would add another clog to the heavy burthen of a favor; for under ſuch a denomination, muſt come even the authority of KINGS being conferred by the voice of the ſubjects.

Surely it could not afford a very ſtriking proof of the delicate ſenſe, which a miniſter owns of his country's glory, to be willing that the *heir apparent* to the *firſt Crown* in *Europe*, ſhould live in a private dwelling: ruinous as the will of thoſe who would prevent his glaring virtues from attracting with the additional powers of out-ward ſplendor, but equally ſedulous, that they might be obſcured in a cottage——though every argument, that could be alledged, was made uſe of, yet the voice of the country roſe with indignation, and ſaid, let the outward magnificence of CARLETON HOUSE be the ſemblance of its inward greatneſs, without animadverting on the ſtoppage of the work, and other equally diſgraceful matters.—Let us conſider if it is not diſgraceful to a kingdom, held up as the object of admiration to the World, to ſee in the daily Newſpapars,

public

public notice of payment of the debts incurred by His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, *Heir Apparent to the Crown of England!*

What man, much leſs that boaſting miniſter, can clamour for the glorious ſituation of his country, while there is ſuch a tarniſh on its chief luſtre?—The PRINCE of WALES is, and ought to be, his nation's care, by them protected, and not expoſed in public prints. —He ſeems to have been a marked object for perſecution, and were the ſame line of conduct to be followed at this criſis, it might kindle an idea that ſome deſigning hand would cut off the bloſſom from a Kingdom: but, thank Heaven, it is not ſo; every act is done for the good and preſervation of the Country. Intereſt forms no part; it is all for the welfare of the people; at leaſt we are told to think ſo.

The conduct of the PRINCE of WALES, in his ſubmiſſion to the will of Parliament, has been unparalelled: there is a Paſſive forbearance exalted in its kind, high as the victor's mercy; and, in its moſt refined and eminent

eminent degree, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES poſſeſſes it; yet its cloſe connexion with puſillanimity is obvious.——In heraldry, a lion is the ſupporter of the Britiſh arms; in life, it is the PRINCE OF WALES; and though now he is ſeen ſuffering the rats of the Conſtitution to gnaw and vex him, yet ſhould the teeth of ſuch vermin awaken him, he would rouze to the terror and diſmay of thoſe whoſe temerity had led them too far.

For himſelf, exalted as his ſituation is, to have taken any ſtep, would have been a ſtride over the rules of decency, and a touch on the tendereſt ſtring of a mother's feeling: ſhame then on thoſe, who dare to think themſelves at liberty to pronounce, "right "or wrong he does:" So delicate is that ſituation which is bounded by parental ties. But his conduct is as yet blameleſs.

He waits the will of Parliament, and while his noble ſoul ſcorns a foiſted claim, it equally values the power of that authority, which forms its progreſs from the common voice.

If any one thing more than another adds to the calamity of the day, it is the daily

abuſe

abuſe of party.—A cloud, big with the moſt black and dark deſigns, ſpread abroad, for the purpoſe of perplexing honeſt men, and miſleading thoſe of inferior judgment. A man of ſenſe can ſcarcely contain his feelings, when he ſees inſinuations thrown out, that were the REGENT fully eſtabliſhed, a reſtoration might be difficult—Now indeed is the time that we may ſay, "*O tempora,! O mores*"!—when there does not appear to be ſufficient honor in one man, to ſuppoſe another poſſeſſed of any. Were there any reaſon for ſuch baſeneſs, I would be quiet; but as it is, the deſign is blacker than that heart whoſe villainy alone could equal his powers of invention. Again, it was ſaid, He will not accept! He will demand! He will urge Right! It is however a crime of the higheſt magnitude, wherever it had its origin, that we ſhall not be able to judge for ourſelves; but that opinions, founded on party, and exiſting in the air of invention only, ſhall be tortured, to the diſcomfiture of every good man.—Is it not a pity that ſome uplifted arm could not ſtop the progreſs of the ſpeech, and leave the

wretch to die choaked with the villainy he wiſhed to utter!

Is it not ſaid, with daring impudence, that the PRINCE of WALES has made promiſes, of which he would be aſhamed? Such deſpicable inſinuations are the means, by which they hope to leſſen, if not to eraſe, that eſteem which, in a free and loyal people, will be ever inſeparable from ſuch a Prince. And what if it were ſo? The men he has ſelected (going on the hypotheſis) are capable of raiſing any nation to proſperity by their talents; and as to the *violent* virtues which they may poſſeſs, they appear to be built on the ſame foundation of all miniſters. The thirſt of gain leads moſt men to that ſpring which flows, be it either foul or clear; while ſome few others, content with a grateful recollection, and not being willing to partake of poiſonous water, are ſtigmatized that they ever knew a thirſt. —But as of the former the number of ſuppliants was ever known to be the greateſt, ſo its popularity muſt be ſuperior to the latter. Next, their poverty becomes the ſubject of laughter—but ſoon, too ſoon, by crouching

crouching for power, might they become rich: let their poverty be their praiſe, for ſuch great talents cannot but enforce a reſtraint bordering on fear; and there are few, if any, who would not buy their liberty on any terms.

No Miniſter, one iota leſs that an angel, out of office, bears a majority even of the public voice.—A vacant office ſtems the torrent of abuſe; and the power of the diſpoſal of it, gives a turn to the bitter ſarcaſms of reptile publications. He who poſſeſſes power, poſſeſſes a hook, of univerſal bait, which overthrows its own deſigns; its ſtrength, debilitated from continual working, becomes at laſt inadequate to the load.

At one view we ſee the cauſe of the ſuppoſed clamour in favour of Mr. *Pitt*. *Creations* conferred on thoſe of little merit; *patent places* to thoſe of none; *ſinecures* to thoſe whoſe abilities would be inadequate to any other taſk; *biſhopricks* much out of reaſon, and more out of number; are the ſum total of which his majorities have conſiſted—a mere political blind, under which much miſchief has been concealed.

Yet ſuch a miniſter is held up as an idol. Have we not every reaſon to ſuppoſe, that ſhould another ſet of men, who have gained the confidence of their PRINCE, become his ſervants, that ſuch contrivances would be deſpiſed, and that every meaſure would be done to the mutual honor of the true liberties of the people, and the real dignity of the crown?

But let us look to the virtues of the PRINCE we would appoint—For as to thoſe ſervants he would employ, briefly let it be ſaid—that he is in the full poſſeſſion of honor, ſenſe, and manly judgment—he would neither ſuffer the former to be ſullied, or the latter to be miſled by the tide of party.

When it is daily ſaid with ſuch intended acrimony, that ſhould the *Maſter* awaken and find his ſteward diſmiſſed, theſe obſervations will naturally occur: He finds his SON, in the poſſeſſion of his former authority, and to whom can his concerns with ſuch propriety be given?—Is there not a tie indiſſoluble, even where there is ſcarcely another virtue?—but here

where

where virtue ſcarcely leaves a foil to diſplay itſelf; ſhall we *ſuppoſe him* capable of forgetting the duties of a ſon?—Take him collectively as a man, whoſe outward form is the mirror of his inward goodneſs—whoſe grace and elegance but own his feelings under the ſame guidance; and his feelings, where no mean thought intrudes, are ſuch as to work wonders on a nation—He poſſeſſes a mind not narrowed by the dark workings of obſtinacy—a curſe in itſelf ſufficient to dethrone a monarch—The generous patron of arts, in which we are but young in growth—a friend to the diſtreſſed, and in one word, a PRINCE, who is in every ſenſe, the nobleſt work of God—A MAN.

The love he holds in the hearts of his people, evident from the concurrence of all who would elect him *Regent*, is a proof of his great value, and it is not to be eraſed on the bare pretence of youthful levity.

Such is the man, and ſuch a man is the PRINCE of WALES. But when that bleſſed recovery, which is the univerſal wiſh, takes place, ſhould *he* be found a mere

tool

tool and inſtrument, a puppet, to amuſe and not to enlighten the world, who will not tremble even under the bleſſings of the recovery, at the indignation of FATHER in behalf of his SON.

Let us appeal to our own feelings, and common ſenſe—we all wiſh the PRINCE to be SOLE REGENT.

Would it appear *policy* in us to reſtrict his power more than the moſt cautious and abſolute neceſſity would require? No—it would furniſh the pretext for every act, which might demand our anger, that he was not able, of himſelf, to prevent it, though it was his wiſh. We then ſhould firſt deprecate that clog, which prevents the free exerciſe of this power; and next, that hand which places a fetter, under which no man ſuffers without a ſtruggle.

At once then let ſuch a man be elected, not out of fear, but in confidence: and we ſhall tranſmit to poſterity the name of a PRINCE REGENT, with the additional attributes of Prudence, Wiſdom and Moderation.

FINIS.